

Children Cry for Fletcher's

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Purgative, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic, all Teething Troubles and Diarrhea. It regulates the Stomach and Bowels, assimilates the Food, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of



The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

Friends of Pickens County

FOR twenty-three years we have done business to the satisfaction of our customers. I have tried to give you good service and Full Value for Your Money. I have enjoyed a good patronage of same. My stock is full and complete with all the latest and most desirable Dry Goods, Underwear, Hosiery and Shoes, Blankets, etc., at low prices as dependable goods can be sold. We Do Not Talk War. Europe will take care of its war. We against High Prices and try to give values and service. Notwithstanding prices on Shoes have advanced, we still sell at Old Prices. Our Underwear and Blankets will keep you warm. All goods as advertised. I pay cash for my goods, so when there are bargains on the market I get them, And Sell Them.

A. K. PARK, West End

GREENVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA

PPP THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.
A successful remedy for Rheumatism, Blood Poison and all Blood Diseases. At all Druggists \$1.00.
F. V. LIPPMAN CO., Savannah, Ga.



All PEPSI-Cola crowns bearing the word "Greenville" on inside under cork disk will be redeemed at 5c each.

Ask the Merchant

There's a great reason why you should drink PEPSI-Cola. It is healthful. EVERYTHING which it brings you is 100 per cent. PURE benefit and enjoyment. Flavor is delicious—rare. Effect is wholesome, satisfying—quick to refresh. It QUENCHES thirst with its tart, fruit flavor.

"There's a Difference"

5 Cents

Lay Out All Your Bills



and figure out how much you could make if you discounted them. More than the usual rate of interest by a good deal. If you were a depositor of this bank you would be in a position to apply for a loan of the cash to discount your bills. Think it over.

THE KEOWEE BANK

Pickens, S. C.

A FULL LINE OF FIREWORKS!

AND A NICE LINE OF DOLLS

A Special Price on Some Colored Goods!

J. W. Hendricks

The Trey O' Hearts

A Novelized Version of the Motion Picture Drama of the Same Name Produced by the Universal Film Co.

By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

Author of "The Fortune Hunter," "The Brass Band," "The Black Box," etc.

Illustrated with Photographs from the Picture Production

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CHAPTER XXVIII.

And the Rose.
Taking the dazed young man by the hand, as though he had been a child, the Reverend Mr. Wright led Alan back to his study and established him in a comfortable armchair beside his desk.

"Sit there and compose yourself, my dear young friend," he insisted in a soothing voice.

At the elbow of the Reverend Mr. Wright, the telephone shrilled imperiously. With a gesture of professional patience he turned to the instrument, lifted the receiver to his ear, and spoke in musically modulated accents.

"Yes . . . Yes: this is Mr. Wright. . . . Ah, yes, Mr. Digby. . . . Not coming? But, my dear Sir, Mr. Law is already here. I must tell you—"

He checked with a reproving glance for Alan, who was twitching his sleeve insistently.

"If you please," Alan begged, "let me speak to Digby at once. Forgive me—"

Reluctantly the minister surrendered the telephone.

"That you, Digby?"

"Alan! Bless my soul, what are you doing over there? Is Miss Trine with you? But how can that be possible?"

"Rose? No. What about her?" Alan demanded, stammering with anxiety.

"Why—one of my spies has just reported by telephone. He was going on duty this morning when he saw a young woman—either Rose or Judith—wearing a rough coat over a boudoir dress—climb out of one of the basement windows of Trine's house. She was apparently in great distress of mind and anxious to escape without being seen from the house; but before my man—whose post of observation is in the third story of one of the houses opposite—could get to the street, she had been caught by several rough-looking customers, who rushed out of Trine's house, seized the girl, and made off with her in a motor-car bearing a New Jersey license number."

I am sending men to watch the Jersey ferries. Call me up in an hour—"

Without a word of response, and without a word of apology to the Reverend Mr. Wright, Alan dropped the receiver, snatched up his hat, and fled that house like a man demoted.

Rose, escaping from Trine's house, overpowered and made the captive of Trine's lowest creatures—gunmen possibly, of the stamp of that animal whom Trine had charged with the assassination of Alan the night before!

There was neither a motor-car in sight for him to charter nor any time to waste in seeking one. Alan could only hope to find one on his way back toward the ferry. It must have been upwards of an hour before he came into a street which he recognized, by its dinginess and squalor, as that in which he had thrown Marjorath from the running-board of the taxicab.

And then, as he paused, breathless and footsore, to cast about him for the way to the ferry, a touring car turned a corner at top speed and slowed to a stop before that selfsame tenement of the unsavory aspect to whose sidewalk he had seen Marjorath assisted by the loafers of the quarter.

And this touring car was occupied by some half-a-dozen ruffians in whose hands a young girl writhed and struggled when, immediately on the stop, they jumped out and wrestled her out with brutal inconsideration.

Like a shot Alan had crossed the street—but only to bring up nose to the panels of the tenement door, and to find himself seized and thrown roughly aside by a burly denizen when he grasped the knob and made as if to follow in.

"Keep back, young fellow!" his assailant warned him viciously. "Keep out of this, now, if you don't want to get into trouble."

To the speaker's side another ranged, eying Alan with a formidable scowl. At discretion he stepped back and turned as if persuaded to mind his own business, then swung on his heel, caught the two in the very act of opening the door, and threw himself between them.

An elbow planted heavily in the pit of the stomach of one disposed of him for the time being. A blow from the shoulder sent the other reeling to the gutter. And Alan was in the tenement's lowermost hall—a foul and evil-smelling place, dark as a pit the instant the door was closed, its murk relieved only by the flame of a kerosene lamp smoking in a bracket near the foot of the stairs.

Sounds of scuffling of feet were audible on the first landing. Alan addressed himself impetuously to the staircase, gaining its top in half a dozen leaps, and only in time to see a door slammed at the forward end of the hall and hear a key turned in its lock.

A cluster of men blocked the way. He didn't pause to wait for it to be cleared, but threw himself headlong into their midst, and by dint of the

CLERK'S SALE.

State of South Carolina,
County of Pickens.
IN COURT OF COMMON PLEAS.

J. P. Freeman et al, plaintiffs, vs.
Myra Turner et al, defendants.

In pursuance of a decretal order in the above stated case by Hon. T. J. Mauldin, dated the 5th day of December, 1914, and on file in the Clerk's office, I will sell to the highest bidder on Tuesday, January 19, 1915, during the legal hours for sale, at Pickens, S. C., the following tract of land, to-wit:

All that piece, parcel or tract of land in the county of Pickens and state of South Carolina, containing forty-three acres, more or less, and having the following metes and bounds, to-wit: Beginning on a post oak; thence N 74° W 35.00 to a rock; thence S 14° E 6.44 to a pine; thence S 20° E 12.00 to a chestnut; thence N 74° E 7.00 to black oak of the road; thence S 50° E 11.00 red o.; thence S 56° 34' E 4.50 to black o.; thence N 35° E 19.00 to the beginning corner, being the home place of Thomas H. Turner, deceased.

Terms, cash. Bidders to pay for papers and for recording the same. Terms of sale must be complied with in one hour after sale of the land will be resold.

J. W. BOGGS,
Clerk of Court.

surprise had gained the closed door before they recovered and sought to stay him.

Indifferent to them all, he shook the knob and shouted: "Rose! Rose!" Her cry came back to him, a muffled scream: "Alan! Help! Help!"

Backing away with a mad idea of throwing himself bodily against the door and breaking it down, he was suddenly confronted by a hideous mask of humanity—face of man all misshapen, bruised and swollen and disfigured with smears of dried blood and a dirty bandage round his temples, but none the less vaguely recognizable.

The words that streamed from its distorted lips drove recognition home. "Gee, fellers, look't who's here! If it ain't th' guy what threw me off'n that girder this mornin'. Stand back and let me kill th'—"

Without the hesitation of a heartbeat Alan swung heavily for the thug's jaw. The blow went solidly home. The man fell like a pole.

Pandemonium ensued. Rallying to their comrades, the ruffians attacked Alan with one mind and one intent. Murder would have been done then, and there had not been for a rotten banister-rail, which gave way, precipitating the lot to the ground floor of the hallway.

Simultaneously the lamp on the wall was struck from its bracket and crashed to the floor, its glass well breaking and loosing a flood of kerosene to receive the burning wick. The explosion followed instantly. In a trice the hallway was a lake of burning oil, and hungry flames were licking up the rotting wallpaper and eating into decayed baseboards and stair-treads.

Still fighting like a madman, contesting every foot of the way, Alan was borne down the hall and out of the front door. A scream of "Fire!" greeted him as he reeled out into the open. It was echoed by a dozen throats.

The doorway vomited men and women of the tenement. They choked it for a time, blocking both egress and ingress. By the time they broke out and left the way clear a solid wall of flame stood behind it.

Thrice Alan essayed to pass that barrier of fire, and thrice it threw him back. Then, struggling and kicking to release himself and try again, he was seized by a brace of able-bodied policemen and rushed fifty feet from the house before let go.

Lack of breath checked him momentarily.

He looked up, dashing from his smarting eyes tears drawn by the stifling clouds of smoke, and saw vaguely at the second story window a woman leaning out and shrieking for help.

That it was hopeless to attempt the staircase he well knew. Drawing aside, he endeavored to come to his sober senses, and cast about for some more feasible way to effect the rescue of his Rose.

The tenement occupied one corner of a narrow street. Directly opposite, a storage warehouse stood upon the other corner. Before this last was the common landing stage for truck deliveries, protected by a shed-roof. And, suspended from a timber that peered out over the eaves, a hoisting

apparatus was visible. Alan's eyes were attracted to it. He saw a man standing on the platform of the hoisting apparatus, and saw another man standing on the roof of the warehouse, looking down at him.

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HODGE'S 5c., 10c., 25c. STORES—DOLLAR LIMIT

Notions, Underwear, Crockery, Enamelware, Hosiery, Sewing Machine Supplies, Glassware, Dolls, Toys, Etc.

We Lead Them All on Goods to Sell for Nickels, Dimes, Quarter and Dollars. Buy Here and Save the Difference

NOTHING OVER DOLLAR Sold in these Stores

Easley, S. C.

Belton, S. C.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Jailbird.

The period of restraint in durance vile suffered by one Thomas Barcus in consequence of conduct riotous, unseemly, and in general prejudicial to the public peace of the New Bedford waterfront at half-past four in the morning, proved in the upshot far more brief than had been fondly hoped, not only by his just judge, but singularly enough, by the misdeedant himself.

Taking everything gravely into consideration, including a person anything but prepossessing, the judge reckoned that, in default of a fine of one hundred dollars, a ten-day layup for repairs and repentance was not too much to mete out to the prisoner at the bar.

He was sentenced at 10 a. m. and it was little short of 10 p. m. when his post-prandial repose was disturbed by the rattle of a key in the lock of the door to his cell.

Sitting up, Mr. Barcus rubbed his eyes and combed his hair with his fingers.

"What did I tell you?" he observed resignedly. "It begins again all ready."

Conducted with every evidence of disesteem on the part of his jailers to the office of the warden, he was acquainted with the fact that his fine had been paid by no one less than the judge himself; then present in portly and solicitous person.

"If only you had told me you were a friend of Mr. Digby's," the judge hastened to say as soon as the two were enclosed in the privacy of the judicial limousine, "I would have known better how to guide myself in this unfortunate affair."

"And if you will be good enough to indicate how else I may serve you in my wife, I gather?"

"One moment," he said. "I have it here."

"Naturally I'd like a bath and a change of clothes," Barcus pursued while the judicial breast-pocket was being explored; "and I could do with transportation to New York by the first train out of this God-forsaken hole."

"This is what Mr. Digby says," the judge interrupted, laboriously deciphering the message by the light of a match: "Please see to immediate release of one Thomas Barcus, probably in jail in your jurisdiction for rioting on waterfront this morning. Pay his fine and instruct him to report to me in New York at earliest feasible hour. Give him all the money he wants and look to me for remuneration."

"Huh?" Barcus interrupted, sitting up smartly. "What's that last again?"

Patiently the judge repeated the sentence from the message.

"Thanks. Please don't read farther. You might come to something that would spoil it. It's almost too beautiful as it stands," Barcus observed.

"Law owes me five thousand or so liquidated damages—but I'll be reasonable. Frisk this burg for a fifth of that sum before train time—and I promise to ask nothing more!"

His private comment was: "I've suspected that this was a fairy-tale all along. Now I know it is!"

And this phase of incredulity persisted in coloring the complexion of his mind until the moment, some hours later, when the train connecting at Providence with the Midnight Express for New York pulled out of New Bedford bearing a transformed Barcus—almost impenetrably disguised in a

bath, a shave and a haircut, an outfit of clothing originally tailored for a gentleman of discriminating taste, but no whit less disguised in the sense of affluence that goes with the possession of one thousand dollars in cash.

Not until a sound night's sleep had topped off the beginning of his rest in jail did Barcus come down to earth.

He demonstrated his return to common sense by making a round breakfast in Grand Central station before looking up the residence of Digby in the telephone directory.

The information he gathered from the voice that answered the name of Mr. Digby over the telephone shook only momentarily Barcus' innate conviction that intimate acquaintance with battle, murder and sudden death was the inevitable reward of association with this friend of his heart.

"Alan being married to Rose Trine in Jersey City at this very minute!" he breathed skeptically as he emerged

from the booth memorizing the address of the alleged officiating clergyman. "I don't believe it; it's too sudden."

Forthwith he engaged a taxicab to convey him to Jersey City, at top speed, for an exorbitant reward.

And when, from the forward deck of a ferryboat, he beheld a dense volume of smoke advertising a conflagration on the Jersey shore, not far from the waterfront, he shook a moodily sagacious head.

"If Alan isn't mixed up in that, somehow," he declared, "he's missing a bet for once—and I'm a sorry failure as a prophet of woe and disaster!"

There was as much intuitive apprehension as humor responsible for this remark; witness the fact that, on landing, he risked the delay required to turn aside and have a look at the fire.

It proved to be situated in the heart of a squalid slum—a wretched tenement of the poorest class, whose roof had already fallen in and whose walls were momentarily threatening to go by the time Barcus arrived on the scene.

At a considerable distance from him a small disturbance had broken out—a clamor of protesting voices lifting about the rumor of the mob—as a number of men, case-hardened roughs one and all, began to force their way in a V-shaped wedge through the throng, making toward its very heart, the point on the fire-lines nearest the burning building.

What this meant, Mr. Barcus had not the slightest idea. But his attention was first distracted by the maneuver, then fixed by the face of a man who was following in the hollow of the V—an evil white face that seemed somewhat vaguely familiar, somehow reminiscent of something strange that had happened in the history of Mr. Barcus.

At the same time, at the point where the V had paused, a wild uproar lifted up and, coincidentally, a wider confusion became noticeable. A cry was audible—"Firebug! Lynch him! Lynch him! Lynch the firebug!"—and at this the mob turned as one man and streamed away in pursuit of an invisible quarry, who chose to attempt his escape by a route directly opposite to that which would have led him within view of Mr. Barcus.

Startled, and of a sudden persuaded that there might have been more to his "hunch" than was sanely to be credited, Barcus started up and was on the point of stepping out of his cab, if with a rather aimless purpose, when he was stayed by sight of that evil white face returning the way it had come—still in the hollow of the flying V, which now made faster progress, thanks to the disorganization of the mob by the chase of the alleged incendiary.

And now, Barcus saw, the man of the white face was not alone. There was someone with him—someone whose head was bent and face concealed, but who seemed to be feminine.

And so, Barcus argued, why might it not be Rose Trine, suffering new persecution at the hands of her unnatural father's creatures?

He was too far away to make sure and attempt any interference; but he pointed White Face out to his chauffeur as the V reached a touring car on the edge of the mob and the woman was lifted in (unresisting and apparently in a dead faint), and when the touring car swung round and picked up its heels, the taxicab of Mr. Barcus trailed it as unostentatiously as if it was a pertinacious shadow.

Ten minutes later, from the rear deck of a ferryboat in midstream—a boat bearing back to New York not only the touring car of White Face, but the cab of Mr. Barcus—the latter gentleman formed one of a small but interested audience witnessing an incident of uncommon character.

He saw a young man, hatless, coatless, almost shirtless, tear down to the edge of one of the Jersey wharves, his heels snapped at by a ravening rabble, jump aboard a square-rigged vessel which lay moored there, and execute a maneuver of despair by climbing up the rigging in a hopeless attempt to escape his persecutors.

They were too many for him, and what was worse they were headed by a squad of police apparently as grimly bent on compassing the destruction of their quarry as was the mob.

And they swarmed up the rigging after him without a moment's hesitation.

Hotly pressed, the fugitive climbed higher and still higher, until at length he gained the topmost yard; with three policemen not half a dozen feet below him and popping away for dear life, if haply with the notoriously poor marksmanship of policemen generally.

None the less, there was no telling when some accident might wing a bullet into the young man; and it was evident that he so decided.

For, inching out to the end of the yard, he waved his hand toward his persecutors with a gesture of light-hearted derision that unmistakably identified him as Alan Law to Mr. Barcus, and forthwith dropped to the water, feet foremost.

Alan later took the water net, came up uninjured and clearheaded, and without an instant's hesitation struck away toward the middle of the Hudson.

As this happened the police ran to the stern of the square-rigger, unmolested a dory that was riding there, and threw themselves into it.

During the (to Barcus, at least) breathless suspense of that chase, the ferryboat drew stolidly farther and still farther away from the scene. Barcus could not tell whether, as it seemed, the police-laden dory was real-

ly overhauling Alan, or whether the illusion of perspective deceived him.

At all events, it seemed a frightfully near thing when the interruption befell which alone could have saved Alan.

Out of the very sky dropped a hydro-aeroplane, cutting the water with a long, graceful curve that brought it, almost at a standstill, directly to the head of the swimmer, and at the same time forced the police boat to sheer widely off in order to escape collision.

Immediately the swimmer caught the pontoon of the hydro-aeroplane, pulled himself up out of the water, and clambered to the seat beside the aviator.

Before he was fairly seated the plane was swinging back into its fastest pace.

With the ease of a wild goose it left the water, mounted the long grade of an air lane, described a wide circle above the bluffs of Weehawken, and swept away southward.

In that quarter it was presently lost to the sight of Mr. Barcus, engulfed in light folds of haze that were creeping in from seawards to dim and tarnish the pristine brilliance of that day.

(Continued Next week)

Rev. O. J. Copeland died in Asheville, N. C., Tuesday, December 22, of tuberculosis. Mr. Copeland was one of the most prominent Baptist ministers in this state and was well known in Pickens county, where he conducted several meetings.

"Speed the Plow"



and every one that we sell is made to do its work well and thoroughly, being well made of the strongest and most durable metal, correctly fashioned to perform plenty of hard work. All our agricultural implements are of the very highest quality and absolutely reliable. And you will find our prices hard to beat, too.

Pickens Hardware & Grocery Company

Pickens, South Carolina

PICKENS BANK

PICKENS, S. C.

Capital & Surplus \$60,000

Interest Paid on Deposits

J. McD. BRUCE,
PresidentFRANK McFALL
Cashier

WAR-TIME BARGAIN

The Progressive Farmer, published every week, and considered by many as the best farm journal, \$1.00 a year.

The Pickens Sentinel, published every week, official paper of Pickens county, \$1.00 a year.

To readers of The Sentinel we are offering both of these papers one year for \$1.50.

DIVERSIFICATION AND INDEPENDENCE IN 1915

That will be The Progressive Farmer's slogan and battle cry next year—the slogan and battle cry, in fact, of the whole industrial South and its people who are "baffled to fight better" and the chief feature of the paper will be a notable series of articles running throughout the whole twelve months—fifty-two issues—all—under the heading:

"DIVERSIFICATION AND INDEPENDENCE IN 1915."

Live at Home, Out of Debt, With Sur